WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

OL. XIV—NO. 46. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1802. WHOLE NO. 722.

HISTORY OF PEROUROU,

OR THE BELLOWS MENDER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Translated from the French for the New-York Weekly Museum.]

MY history is filled with events the moſt whimſical: condemned by my birth to vegetate in the moſt obſcure claſs, I owe my elevation ſolely to the efforts of the malice of mankind. This vice, which in ſociety cauſes the ruin of ſo many fortunes, fixed the ſolid baſis of mine. I am married, rich, and, in ſhort, happy in conſequence of having been the docile inſtrument of the moſt cruel vengeance.

I was born in one of the little villages which ſurround the neighborhood of Montelemart. My parents had often made efforts, in vain, to riſe above indigence. The laſt reſource which offered itſelf to him, in his old age, was to follow the trade of a *Bellows Mender*, which he had learnt in his youth. It was then to this profeſſion, aſſuredly not very brilliant, that I was deſtined at the moment at which it was thought I was capable of laboring to gain a livlihood. I was ſatisfied, at firſt with being under the inſpection of my father; but my diſpoſition and my addreſs ſoon made me ſurpaſs him, and my ambition taught me to perceive that my talents ought to be employed on a larger theatre. Some of my excurſions, which did not extend beyond the gates of Montelemart, encouraged me more than I expected, and I determined upon ſeeking my fortune. After dedicating my leiſure hours to the ſolace of my aged father, and ſaved means to collect a ſmall ſum, which put me in a ſituation to undertake a journey to Lyons. I made my entry into that ſuperb city with every thing neceſſary for my trade, and made the public ſquare, and the moſt frequented ſtreets, reſound, by crying, "Here is the bellows mender; who wiſh to have their bellows mended?" As I was young, well ſhaped and active, I had much employment, and became the favorite of the grocer maids of the quarter I frequented, which was the utmoſt extent to which my ambitious views dared to carry themſelves.

Returning pretty late one evening to my little garret, which ſerved me for a ſhop and lodging also, I found myſelf accoſted by four pretty well dreſſed young men, who appeared to be making their nocturnal promenade. We were in one of the leaſt unfrequented ſtreets of the quarter of St. Clair;—they joked one another on the lateneſs of the night, and caſt ſome ſarcaſms on my trade of bellows mender, to which I replied in a tone of raillery which ſeemed to aſtoniſh them; they looked at each other in a moſt expreſſive manner, and immediately cried out, "*Here is our man.*"—I acknowledge that theſe words made me ſhudder; I was alone, in the night, without any means of defence, and at the mercy of four vigorous bucks. What is to become of me? was the firſt reflection which preſented itſelf to my mind. One of them, ſurmiſing the ſubject of my terror, ſaid to me, in an affable tone, "Perourou," (this is the name which the people of Lyons give to fellows menders) "Perourou," ſays he, "you muſt ſurely not yet ſupped any more than ourſelves; will you accompany us? it is our intention to do you more ſervice than you are aware of,—come, after ſupper we will talk to you: have no fear, we are honeſt lads; if you will enter into our ſchemes we will aſk nothing of you but to keep a ſecret which can expoſe you to no danger."

There was in the voice of him who ſpoke, ſomething ſo mild; the propoſition in itſelf was ſo ſeducing that I accepted the offer without heſitating. My new friends, after paſſing through ſeveral ſtreets, conducted me to an apartment elegantly furniſhed, where we found ſix young men, who appeared to have been waiting with impatience for the others. A ſhort explanation took place among them reſpecting me, and we then placed ourſelves gaily at table. I ſucceeded in making the company laugh at ſome naïve obſervations I made, and confirmed them in the good opinion it was neceſſary they ſhould have before they diſcloſed themſelves to me. The domeſtics retired, after having placed the deſert on the table, and the aſſembly, which had been noiſy until then, kept, for ſome moments, a profound ſilence. At length, he who appeared to be the maſter of the houſe, ſpoke to me thus, "The ten perſons with whom you have come to ſup are all of Lyons; we are engravers; our genius, joined to what we obtain from our families, place us in an agreeable independence, and our talents give us a certain conſideration. But love and pride have united lately to trouble the happineſs we enjoyed [illegible] merchant, who is but an ordinary perſon, but he has a daughter of the greateſt beauty. The city of Lyons, notwithſtanding its extent and population, does not poſſeſs a female who can be put in compariſon with this charming girl, endowed beſides with all the qualities and all the graces which can be deſired in ſo amiable an object; but this enchanting whole is ſhaded by one fault, and this fault is an inſupportable pride. Haughty in ſeeing herſelf the object of general obſervation, ſhe believes that none but a prince dare to aſpire to her hand. Her father, who has a good knowledge in painting, but is very confined in every thing elſe, has ſpoiled her by an adulation which reaches almoſt to idolatry. The reading of romances, her glaſs, and the continual incenſe of all about her, have changed ſelf-love into vanity, her vanity into arrogance, and her arrogance into diſdain for all thoſe whoſe oppulence or rank do not flatter her pride. But, why ſhould I ſpeak in the name of another when it is my own hiſtory I relate? I had the honor of gaining her acquaintance through my connections with her father. Sometimes ſhe did me the particular honor to give me her hand to conduct her to the ball or the play. Theſe ſlight favors turned my head; I believed myſelf to be loved becauſe ſhe preferred me, and I ventured to diſcover my pretenſions to her father, who was favorable to my wiſhes. My family, my profeſſion, my fortune, gave me the right of preſuming that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady:—judge of my ſurpriſe, when on the firſt overture for this marriage, the haughty girl dared to ſay to her father, in my preſence, with a bold tone, "Do you think, ſir, that a young perſon like myſelf was born to become the wife of an engraver?" I confeſs that this exceſs of impudence filled my love upon the ſpot, and I retired precipitately with the ſingle deſire of being avenged. My friends, ſaid I to thoſe who are now about me, the affront which I have received is an outrage on all of us; undertake my defence; let us form a plan which will ſhew her in effect that ſhe was not born to have the honor of marrying an engraver.——This is my hiſtory, my dear Perourou, do you feel ſufficient confidence in yourſelf, ſufficient diſcretion, to merit that we ſhould raiſe you from your preſent ſtate? Under the abject exterior which you offer it is eaſy to diſcover that you have a mind and underſtanding ſuperior; will you undertake to become the huſband of an amiable woman, who wants nothing but her pride to be mortified, and her vanity puniſhed?" "Yes," anſwered I, with aſſurance, "I comprehend the part you wiſh me to play, and will anſwer for it I fulfil it in a way which will not cauſe you to bluſh for the choice you have made."

The next morning we conferred together with that circumſpection which, from that moment has governed all our ſteps. I employed one week in waſhing myſelf night and morning to clear my ſkin; the moſt celebrated hairdreſſers in Lyons, arranged and dreſſed my hair in the neweſt taſte; my ten friends gave me a quantity of ſuperb linen, elegant habits for all ſeaſons, and they attached themſelves ſo to me, that we were inſeperable, every inſtant they found themſelves employed in inſtructing me. One learnt me to read, another to write; ſome notions of deſigning, a little muſic, and ſome other ſtudies, occupied for three months, my time and my mind. I ſoon perceived that this kind of life accorded perfectly with my taſte; I even felt a deſire to perfect thoſe elements of my new education. To ſtudy became my governing paſſion; nature had given me the diſpoſition, and a memory ſo extraordinary, that my young friends ſaw with ſurpriſe the rapid progreſs of their new diſciple.

At length they found me fitted to execute their projects. I quitted my cloſet to take a vaſt apartment in one of the moſt elegant hotels of Lyons. The bellows mender diſappeared, and in his place appeared the rich Marquis De Roupèrou, one of the largeſt proprietors of the Mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title I preſented myſelf to the picture merchant as an amateur, who regarded but little the price, provided the articles were ſuch as he approved of. An exact imitator of my learned maſters, I had learnt to turn my rings, to make my watch repeat the hour, to ſhew with a thoughtleſs air a ſuperb brilliant, to open an elegant box on which was a fancy portrait, which I modeſtly ſaid was that of a ſiſter very dear to me; in a word I ſought to pleaſe, and I eaſily ſucceeded. But it was not ſufficient to deceive the father, to fulfil the views of my protectors, it was further neceſſary to dupe the daughter. While I was reflecting on the means to arrive at this, the merchant informed me in a note, that he had juſt received from Rome a ſuperb collection of engravings, and begged me to ſtep to his houſe in the morning, as he did not wiſh

to expose them to sale until I had first made my choice. I went without foreseeing the fate which awaited me. In place of being received by the father, as I had hitherto been, I found the daughter, or rather beauty herself appeared to my eyes under the form of this adorable girl.

A gross exterior often includes a sensible soul; mine, more susceptible of passion than libertinism, felt all the power of beauty. A new universe displayed itself before me; I soon forgot that the part I played was paid for:--- a single sentiment absorbed all my soul, a single idea enchained all my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and appeared to hear with complaisance the disordered expressions which escaped my lips in endeavoring to paint my rising passion. This interview fixed forever my destiny; all obstacles disappeared before the emotion which my heart felt. This single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, that I might, by my abilities, be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired.

Every morning I found some pretext for visiting the merchant's shop; every morning I had some trinket to shew Aurora, or some object of taste to consult her upon. It was the season for flowers, I hastened to offer her bouquets composed of those which appeared to me best to agree with her color; and my friends often joined to them a sonnet, or a madrigal, of which I had all the honor. Sometimes I surprised the eyes of this charming girl fixed on mine with expressions of tender approbation.

[To be continued.]

ON LOVE.

"NUMA," said Tullius "there are two species of love formed for the happiness and for the misery of the world. The first, the most common, the most enflaming, perhaps, is that which consumes you. Its empire is founded in the senses: it springs from them, and by them it exists. It does not dwell in the heart, but it flows in our veins; it does not elevate the soul, but subjugates it: It does not wish to esteem---it only desires to enjoy. This contemptible species of love has nothing in common with the soul:--- Judge if happiness can spring from it. No, my son, the gods have given it power over men, only to humiliate their pride.

"The other kind of love is of celestial origin: it springs from esteem, and is nourished by it. It is less a passion than a virtue: it has no impetuous transports: it is only warms without consuming your faculties, in the soul; it enrich it; it affords it the only nourishment which is proper for it, the desire of attaining to every perfection. Its pleasures are always pure; even its pains are not without their charms. In the midst of the greatest sufferings, it enjoys a sweet peace; it is this alone which confers happiness. You will one day feel it, my son: you will then acknowledge, that honors, riches, pleasures, even glory itself, cannot supply the place of that peace which is the gift of innocence: old age itself, which destroys every thing else, appears only to augment its chains."

RECEIPT TO MAKE A FASHIONABLE LADY.

TAKE about eight yards of gingham, or sprig muslin, that is seamed together in form of a Churchmen's pulpit robe. Slip on this easy frock---draw it across the shoulders---gird it round about, and across the middle; and let the end of it sweep at least a quarter on the ground. The flowing trestles, which nature in her luxuriance designed to adorn and cover the shoulders with, must be stuffed with powder, knit at the end, and folded up under the turban alamode, in the exact form of her refrigerating hand weapon. To the many other embellishments of the head dress, must be added a quarter and a half of black, or green silk love crape, to defend from the insolence of the sun-beams, and render the inhabitant within musquito proof. Place this creature in a pair of red or blue morocco slippers, and set her a walking on the pavement, Phœbus by her side, and the work is complete.

NB. To make her irresistible, she must at every other step, give her head a toss, smack her lips, and turn up her eyes to her beloved country the Moon: making it evident, that she is none of the mean spirited beings that delight in things below.

A female thus equipt---all must confess
Is more than mortal at her fav'rite glass,
And, when abroad---she doth with nature shine,
We'll passing bow; and own the nymph divine.

REMARK. We seldom praise but to be praised.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON MISS ———.

HAIL peerless maid! to whom all bounteous Heaven
Has, kind to man, innumerous graces given,
Accept the youthful poet's artless lays,
Devoid of flattery, fraught with honest praise;
Let Venus' self, once matchless child of grace,
On the mild beauties of that heav'nly face
Turn her soft sparkling eye of azure hue,
Transfix'd she'd gaze and yield the palm to you!
Methinks ev'n now transported I behold
Various new charms in that sweet form unfold,
And the bright radiance of a cloudless sky,
Boasts not the lustre of that dang'rous eye.
Devoid of guile, thy artless bosom knows
The placid sweets of undisturb'd repose,
Nor, mid the pleasures of the circling day,
Do soft religion's precepts lose their sway.
Unequall'd maid! soon may some favor'd youth,
Rear'd in the paths of innocence and truth,
Enraptur'd take thee to his longing arms,
Love thee, and gaze forever on thy charms.

August 24. D. M. C.

MISS *******, John-Street.

THE rose is sweet; the flowers that deck the spring
A tide of pleasure to fond lovers bring;
The bloom of May delights; each in their kind
Impart sweet pleasure to the virtuous mind:
But when with ANN compar'd they lose their power,
And vanish with the fancies of the hour.
Her's are the charms that tune my rapturous string,
Her's are the charms that veil the joy of spring!
When spring with all her varied beauties shine,
If she's inconstant I in grief repine.
When winter drear in adamantine chains
Binds the once-blooming fields, the wide-stretch'd plains,
If she be faithful this no dread imparts,
I fear not winter with his icy darts.
Content with her, I welcome every scene,
A life with her appears one blissful dream.

August 28. ALBERT.

SONG.

FOREVER, FORTUNE! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And [illegible] heart,
Come in between, and bid us part,
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude:
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care,
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear MARIA mine.

August 26.

[Communicated for the MUSEUM.

VERSIFICATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SONG OF SOLOMON.

"Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me!"

Written by THOMPSON,---and copied from the original in possession of the Earl of BUCHAN.

O THOU! whose tender, serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind I love,
The gentle azure of the skies,
The pensive shadows of the grove.

O, mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd thro' my soul be all their darts!

Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
At once so soft, so keen a ray;
In pity then, my lovely fair!
O! turn those killing eyes away!

But, what avails it to conceal
One charm, where nought but charms we see?
Their lustre then again reveal,
And let me, MIRA! die of thee.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ENIGMATICAL LIST

Of celebrated AMERICAN POETS.

1. HALF of a very common wooden vessel, and [illegible] fourths of the reverse of half.

2. Two consonants, and four fifths of light.

3. Three sevenths of the reverse of slavery, and [illegible] sixths of the French word for lamb.

4. Half of a very useful mechanic.

5. The reverse of dead, and four fifths of a hard substance.

6. A black substance used in cookery.

August 18. S. S.

ADVICE TO LADIES, WHO WISH TO MAKE HAPPY WIVES

TO be domestically happy with the man you love, [illegible] and resignation must abound in your temper and the [illegible] all rules of virtue and modesty must form your conduct. You must endeavor to make yourself the object of a rational and lasting admiration, which is not to be obtained from beauty, riches, dress, or fashion, but from those interior ornaments of the mind, which last to the end of life undefaced by sickness.

Prepare yourself religiously for all the gradations of fortune. Be rather passive in your temper than active. This will then relieve the occasional petulence of your husband, and soften him into immediate tenderness, none but the basest of men being able to withstand the endearing attention of a placid and meek woman; who, while anxious for the pleasure of her husband, contributes much, if assisted, to her own.

If you love him to a degree of adoration, take [illegible] care that you prove it as becomes a woman of dignity. A wife you may meet the spaniel's fate, and be corrected for your fondness. Suffer neither ambition nor violence of spirit to taint your mind, but be patient without the asperity. Happiness is the lot of the submissive and [illegible]---Learn this and you will be admired by your husband, be respected by your acquaintance, honored by your relations, and attended by your servants. But, above all things forget not the duty of decency, both in your person, conversation and deportment, if you mean to preserve your husband's esteem and your own consequence; and if you can accomplish that excellent quality of despising and contemning tea table calumny, and limit your enjoyments, in company, with your own sex alone, (which should be as seldom as possible, indeed scarcely ever) to general topics, you'll avoid the many mean things which corrode the female mind, and render it unpleasant to your husband. This is an outline of advice, which if you contemplate properly, will undoubtedly assist you in your pursuit of wedded bliss; but if neglected, it may be otherwise; whether or no your descent be noble, your person beautiful, your fortune great; and your husband will rather rue the day he married you, than thank the man who first put him in mind of it.

NEUTRALITY.

COL. VANHORN, an American gentleman, had the extraordinary fortune to give, on the same day, a breakfast to Lord Cornwallis, and a dinner to Gen. Lincoln. Lord Cornwallis, informed that the latter had slept at Mr. Vanhorn's, came to take him by surprise; but Lincoln, getting intelligence of his design, retired into the woods. Lord Cornwallis, astonished not to find him, asked if the American General was not in the house? "No," repliedMr. Vanhorn, bluntly. "On your honor?" says Cornwallis. "On my honor; and if you doubt it, here are the keys, you may search yourself." "I shall take your word for it," said Lord Cornwallis, and asked for some breakfast. An hour afterwards, he returned to the army. Lincoln was concealed at no great distance, immediately returned and dined quietly with his host.

OBSERVATION.

A COQUETTE never loses her desire to please, nor her good opinion of herself. She looks upon time and years as something, which can only wrinkle and make others ugly, and forgets that age is written on her own face. The same dress which formerly embellished her youthful person, disfigures her person, and increases the imperfections of old age. Preciseness and affectation accompany her sorrow and sickness, and she dies full dressed in ribbons and gaudy colors.

VERSIFICATION

Of a tranſlated Ode of HAFEZ, the Perſian Anacreon.

THE roſe can never boaſt its ſweet,
Without the cheek of her I love;
Nor without wine, the cool retreat,
Where guſh the fountains in the grove.

Nor walk along the fragrant bower,
Nor in the garden gives delight;
If in the calm and penſive hour,
We miſs the minſtrel of the night.

The cypreſs, dancing in the breeze,
And flowers by gentle Zephyr blowa,
Cannot, without her preſence, pleaſe,
Whoſe cheeks are like the tulip's down,

Nor does the preſence of a maid,
Whoſe lips each balmy ſweet poſſeſs,
In whom is either roſe diſplay'd,
Delight, without the ſweet careſs.

Sweet is the place, where roſes grow,
And ſweet is wine within the grove;
And yet, leſs ſweet the roſes glow,
And wine, without the maid I love.

Not all the pictures art can form,
Not all, that Fancy can deviſe,
So much this am'rous boſom warm,
As roſy cheeks, and radiant eyes.

ANECDOTE.

THE ſtockings of the ELEGANTES of Paris appear like gauze, and are open worked ſilk. Their covering is tranſparent muſlin. A plume of the Pariſian faſhions in May, repreſent modiſh female impudence nearly in the ſtyle of Eve, before her fall. The boſom is prodigally diſplayed, and the petticoat is feſtooned and hitched rather higher than the ankles.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1802.

Fifty deaths have been reported to the city-clerk during the week ending on the 22d inſt. viz. Of old age 1, Dyſentary 3, cholera morbus 1, peripneumony 1, worms 1, relax 12, conſumption 7, intemperance 1, ſcarlet fever 1, drowned 1, fits 2, vomit and relax 1, hives 3, cold 1, nervous fever 2, teething 1, palſy 1, dropſy 1, fever 1, diarhœa 1, and 9 of diſeaſes not mentioned. Of the total number, 11, were adults, 34 children, and 5 undiſtinguiſhed.

The naval force of the Emperor of Morocco is not conſiderable:---He has two cruiſers at Sale, which are called frigates, and which may mount from 20 to 30 guns: his other force conſiſts of Xebecs, gallies and half-gallies, but as theſe are ſitted out in his ports on the Atlantic, and generally carry ſweeps, they are very miſchievous enemies to merchantmen.

The American ſquadron in the Mediteranean, is commanded by commodore Morris---it is compoſed, we believe, of the Cheſapeake of 44, the Conſtellation of 36, the Adams, of 32, the Boſton, of 32, and the Enterprize of 12 guns.

LOSS OF THE BRIG FRIENDS, OF THIS PORT.

Extract of a letter from Kingſton (Jam) dated 29th July.

"I have juſt time to inform you of the loſs of the brig Friends, which went aſhore on the Breakers, on the reef off Plumb-Point, near Port-royal entrance, on Tueſday morning, the 20th inſt. before day-light. This ſhocking circumſtance I can account for in no other way than by a violent lee current along ſhore; the veſſel was hove too, waiting for a pilot. Very ſmall part of the cargo will be ſaved; and no part of the veſſel except the ſails, and part of the running rigging."

The Friends ſailed from New-York the 19th of June, bound to Kingſton.

Extract of a letter from St. Armand, Lower Canada, dated Auguſt 2, 1802.

"A moſt ſhocking ſtorm of Hail, attended with a remarkable high wind, took place here yeſterday. Some of the hail ſtones were as large as Butternuts, and have totally deſtroyed large quantities of wheat, corn, and almoſt every other kind of produce. Several houſes and barns were much injured and two or three torn down. Some cattle were killed by the falling of timber."

Extract of a letter from Brattleborough, (Vermont) dated Auguſt 9.

"On Saturday laſt, Samuel M'Millen, of Warwick, cut his throat from ear to ear with his razor, and expired in three hours after. The circumſtances of this horrid tranſaction exceeded every thing of the kind ever publiſhed. He aroſe in the morning with his uſual cheerfulneſs, went out and milked his cows, returned to the houſe, took his razor and effected his bloody work in the door-yard, in the preſence of his wife: Her ſhrieks brought a neighbor to the ſpot; he would not go in the houſe, or lie down on a bed which was carried out for him; but while the blood was running from his throat, took a quid of tobacco, and offered one to his neighbor with his uſual good nature; by ſigns invited him to his ſtye, to view a pig, then ſick, wich he ſcaled up, and patted him with fondneſs. There was no alteration from his common behavior, no ſigns of remorſe, fear or ſenſe of his dreadful ſituation, till he fainted on the graſs, where he died like a butchered hog.---He was between 60 and 70 years of age. About twenty years ſince he hung himſelf, was cut down by his ſon, and after lying apparently dead half an hour, was reſcuſſitated by an able phyſician.

It is remarkable, that inſtead of ſhewing any ſymptoms of inſanity or weakneſs, this man has ever been ſteady in buſineſs, a hard laboring and ſucceſsful farmer, a pleaſant neighbor, ſtrictly moral, affectionate to his wife and children. That a man of ſuch ſtrength of mind and body, ſhould thus ſinfully ruſh uncalled into the preſence of his Maker is truly aſtoniſhing."

MIDDLETOWN, (Con.) Aug. 23.

On Wedneſday laſt, about 8 o'clock in the evening, Capt. Moſes Dickinſon and wife of Wetherſfield, Pariſh of Rocky hill, were drowned in attempting to come aſhore from a veſſel lying in the river oppoſite this city. They were part of a large company going to Long-Iſland. The circumſtances of the diſaſter, are ſaid to be theſe:---Capt. Dickinſon ſtepped into the boat, and was receiving his wife into his arms from the veſſel, when the motion of the boat, or the weight of Mrs Dickinſon, made him totter, and fall into the river with her, and they both immediately ſunk. Only one perſon was on deck and ſpectator of the ſcene, the reſt of the company being below at ſupper. Information was immediately given to the company, and the people on ſhore, and every exertion made to afford relief; but the body of Cap. Dickinſon was not found until he had been in the water about ſix hours; and all efforts to find Mrs. Dickinſon proved ineffectual until Saturday morning, when ſhe was found floating down the river, about two miles below the city, by ſome people who were coming up in a boat. We are informed that they were about 30 years of age, and has left two children to lament their untimely fate.

BONAPARTE---ON SUICIDE.

A Paris paper, of the 16th of May, ſays: In conſequence of a grenadier of the conſular guard having ſhot himſelf on account of a diſappointment in love, the Firſt Conſul commanded the following notice to be poſted up at the barracks:

"A ſoldier ought to know how to overcome grief, and the melancholy ariſing from paſſion.---There is as much true courage in ſuffering with firmneſs mental pain, as in remaining firm before the grape-ſhot of a battery. For a ſoldier to abandon himſelf to ſorrow without any reſiſtance, and to kill himſelf in order to avoid it, is to abandon the field of battle without having conquered."

The following moſt extraordinary circumſtance occurred early, a few mornings ſince, at the Grapes Tavern, in Cable ſtreet, Liverpool; a young gentleman (under the influence of a dream, in which he ſuppoſed a perſon was purſuing him with a piſtol) left his bed in a middle ſtory, and actually forced the lock of a door to attain the attic floor, when he opened the upper ſaſh, and threw himſelf into the ſtreet. In falling, his ſhirt caught the projecting grapes, and forced them down with him. This conſiderably broke his fall, inaſmuch that he lit upon his heels; and ſtrange to tell, received no bodily injury whatever---not even the ſlighteſt ſcar. It will be recorded as an almoſt incredible wonder that after riſing from bed, forcing the lock of a door, and falling from a window of three ſtories, the horror of the dream had not left him, as, on being interogated by a watchman---"In the name of God, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, "A villain wants to ſhoot me!"

[London Paper.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAPPY the pair whom love and reaſon join,
Where virtue ſanctifies the band divine;
To them a paradiſe on earth is giv'n,
And when from time they go, they reſt in Heav'n.

MARRIED,

At Eſopus, (Ulſter County) Mr BENJAMIN ATHERTON, to Miſs PHŒBE MACKEY, both of N. Marlborough.

On Sunday evening 15th inſt. at the Little Falls, (Bergen County, N. J.) Mr PETER NEAFIE, of this city, to Miſs ELIZA DEY, daughter of Gen Richard Dey.

On Thurſday evening laſt week, Mr HENRY TEN BROOK, Merchant, to Miſs ELIZABETH BEEKS.

On Sunday evening laſt, at Cedar-Swamp, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr Coles, Mr HEWLETT TOWNSEND, jun. of that place, to Miſs EVELINA COLES, of Duck-Poad.

On Thurſday evening, by the Rev. Mr Townley, Mr GEORGE HOLEMAN, to Miſs ABIGAL LEONARD, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

O DEATH! how ſudden was thy viſit paid!
No time allow'd to take a laſt adieu!
This hour in health, the next a corpſe was laid,
Torn from the world,---his friends no more to view.
Think, gentle reader, of the ſtate of man,
Nor live ſecure in health and ſpirits gay;
Think on the ſudden change, the awful ſpan,
And live as if thou ſhould'ſt depart to-day.

DIED,

On Tueſday laſt, at 12 o'clock, after a few hours illneſs, Mr DANIEL HITCHCOCK, an old and very reſpectable citizen. He has left a large family and a numerous circle of friends to lament their ſudden loſs.

POPULATION OF SPAIN.

According to a calculation formed upon the plan of the Count D'Aranda, the population of Spain amounts to 9,307,804 individuals, of whom 137,805 are compoſed of the regular and ſecular clergy.

Novels,

Sold at J. Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE MONK.
A Romance.---By M. G. LEWIS, Eſq.

THE ABBESS,
A Romance,---by W. H. Ireland.

JULIA, and the ILLUMINATED BARON,
A NOVEL:

THE BEGGAR GIRL,
AND HER BENEFACTORS.
By Mrs. Bennet.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE:
A Tale of Truth.---By Mrs. ROWSON.

MONIMA,
OR THE BEGGAR GIRL:
An Original Novel, in one vol: founded on fact.

VICAR OF LANSDOWNE,
A TALE,
By REGINA M. ROCHE.

TALE OF THE TIMES,
By the author of "A Goſſip's Story."

EDGAR HUNTLY,
Or, Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker.

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.
By REGINA M. ROCHE.

SPIRIT OF THE CASTLE,
A Romance.

BOARDING.

MRS. BLAIR has taken the houſe No. 51, corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich ſtreets, (lately occupied by Mrs. Brafher,) where ſeveral Gentlemen can be accomodated by the year, or leſs time. May 18

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

BY THE REV DR. DWIGHT.

LOOK, lovely maid, on yonder flow'r,
And see that busy fly,
Made for the enjoyment of an hour,
And only born to die.

See, round the rose he lightly moves,
And wantons in the sun,
His little life in joy improves,
And lives, before 'tis gone.

From this instructive wisdom, learn
The present hour to prize;
Nor leave to-day's supreme concern
Till morrow's morn arise.

Say, loveliest fair, can'st thou divine
That morrow's hidden doom?
Know'st thou, if cloudless skies will shine,
Or Heaven be wrapt in gloom?

Fond man, the trifle of a day,
Enjoys the morning light,
Nor knows his momentary play
Must end before 'tis night.

The present joys are all we claim,
The past are in the tomb;
And like the poet's dream of fame,
The future never come.

No longer then, fair maid, delay
The promis'd scenes of bliss;
Nor idly give another day,
The joys assign'd to this.

If then my breast can sooth thy care,
'Twill now that care allay:
If joy this hand can yield, my fair,
'Twill yield that joy to-day.

Quit then, oh quit! thou lovely maid,
Thy bashful, virgin pride;
To-day the happy plot be laid,
The bands to-morrow tied!

The purest joys shall be our own,
That e'er to man were giv'n;
And those bright scenes on earth begun,
Shall brighter shine in Heav'n.

EPITAPH ON AN INVALID.

HERE lies a head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat:
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breast,
With loads of indigestion prest;
Here lies the liver full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind, and twisting gripes;
Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene;
That left-side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood:
Here lie the nerves so often twitch'd
With painful cramps and poignant stitch;
Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins and reins;
Here lies the skin, by scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red;—
Here lies a man from top to toe,
That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

ANECDOTE.

IT is a well known fact that BURNS, the Scottish bard, was a zealous worshiper of the bottle. A physician who attended him in his last illness, remonstrating with him on this head, assured him the coat of his stomach was entirely gone. The merry patient declared, if that was the case, he would go on drinking to the end of the chapter; "for if the coat was all gone, it was not worth while caring about the waistcoat."

MORALIST.

THERE is one offence committed in conversation, of much too serious a nature to be overlooked, or to be animadverted on without sorrow and indignation: I mean the habitual and thoughtless profaneness of those who are repeatedly invoking their Maker's name on occasions the most trivial. It is offensive in all its variety of aspects;—it is very pernicious in its effects;—it is a growing evil;—those who are most guilty of it, are, from habit, hardly conscious when they do it; are not aware of the sin: and for both these reasons, without the admonitions of faithful friendship, little likely to discontinue it. It is utterly INEXCUSABLE;—it has none of the palliatives of temptations which other vices plead, and in that respect stands distinguished from all others, both in its nature and degree of guilt. Like many other sins, however, it is at once cause and effect;—it proceeds from want of love and reverence to the best of Beings, and causes that want both in themselves and others. Yet, with all these aggravations, there is, perhaps, hardly any sin so frequently committed, so seldom repented of, and so little guarded against.

On the score of IMPROPRIETY too, it is additionally offensive, as being utterly repugnant to female delicacy, which often affects to be shocked at swearing in a man. Now, this species of profaneness is not only swearing, but perhaps in some respects, swearing of the worst sort; as it is a direct breach of an express command, and offends against the very letter of that law, which says, in so many words, "THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME OF THE LORD THY GOD IN VAIN." It offends against delicacy and good breeding; for those who commit it, little think of the pain they are inflicting on the sober mind, which is deeply wounded, when it hears the holy name it loves dishonored; and it is as contrary to good breeding to give pain, as it is to true piety to be profane.

[HANNAH MOORE.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Just published, and to be had at Fenelon's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARITAT's general and encreasing Circulating Library, part III, containing a selection from his last importations of the latest and most approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the first catalogue of which was published in the year 1799, to be had also at said Library to make the present complete. 28th August.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER's LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do ---also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price---pints 1 dollar 25 cents---half pints 75 cents.

May 22d, 2m

M WATSON

Returns her sincere thanks to the Public for their past encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 BROADWAY, opposite the City-Tavern, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready made Linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms. A genteel assortment of Childbed Linen. March 27, 00 tf

For the Use the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 13 3m

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. July 24

ROBERT LITTLE,

Informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, at No. 9 Beekman-Slip, the best of London Brown Stout, and Porter, Philadelphia Porter warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark bottled Cider:---Also Claret wine of a superior quality.

Cash for empty Bottles. June 19. tf

ACADEMY

The subscriber, fully sensible of the favor hitherto shewn him by his employers, which demands his grateful acknowledgements and thanks, wishes to inform them and the public in general, that his Academy at No. 1 Fishers-street will still be continued upon the usual plan, under his superintendancy. And that he has taken into company Mr Aaron Gardner, a young gentleman educated at Providence College, whose morals and literary qualifications, from experience, appear every way adequate: and purpose opening an Academy at No. 260 William-street, a few doors from Pearl-street, on the first day of September next, for the purpose of teaching the various branches of English Literature, and the Latin and Greek Languages.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon a late systemised plan, whereby any person may acquire the art of writing a complete hand, large and small, in three months practice. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and civil deportment of the pupils, avoiding those awkward and drawling habits too often indulged in common schools, and hope by assiduous endeavors to render general satisfaction.

The subscriber having been employed in the business of teaching for upwards of twelve years with unabated success, flatters himself that he will still merit a degree of public patronage. The prices for tuition are as follows, viz.

Per quarter for spelling and reading, 3 dollars; writing 4 do. arithmetic, English grammar and art of speaking 5 do. Book keeping, surveying, navigation, geography, geometry and trigonometry 8 do. Latin and Greek languages 10 do. W. D. LEZELL.

NB. Evening Tuition will commence at the above-mentioned Academies, on the 1st of October. Aug. 22.

Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Price---One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.